

Can Twenty Million People be Right?

And the Catholic Church be wrong?



Here is our problem :

The Catholic Church endorses our Catholic publications—

THE GRAIL, for instance.

The Church says Catholics should subscribe.

Yet—

Out of our Catholic population there must be twenty million who either *won't* subscribe

Or, if they do, won't *read* these publications.

But they *will* buy and will greedily read worldly, sensational, even immoral papers and magazines and books.

Now, how are we Catholic publishers going to induce those twenty million to buy and read our publications?

Must we make them a display of nudity?

Must we make adultery artistic?

Must we make divorce into high romance?

Must we make thievery in high places like big business?

Even our twenty million would not want us to do this.

What are we then to do?

Kind reader, if you can take a challenge,

Read THE GRAIL! Read this issue! Read every issue!

Don't miss the next number. It is going to be NEW—DIFFERENT—PROVOKING.

Don't miss THE GRAIL next month!

Beneath Her Mantle

Constance Joan Naar

CAROL HOLLIDAY hummed a slick new tune as she emerged from the employment agency and boarded an uptown bus on a Thursday morning in May. What would the old fogies back home in New England say if they knew that before she had been in New York a week she had a job with a man. Carol giggled at the thought before a sullen shadow flickered over her bright young face. She knew only too well they'd say, with tightly disapproving eyes, that she always had been bold and forward. Well, let them. It was when they whispered two-faced things about her not having any mother, poor child, that she wanted to scream at them.

But why spoil so grand a day thinking of things she didn't want to hear and wouldn't have to hear any longer. In this glittering city no one knew her except that fascinating man she had met in the restaurant last night. And before she'd spent even half her money she had landed a job as secretary to an author. Why, for all she knew, she might be an author herself some day. Look at the line she had handed Harry Dunbar last evening.

Carol smiled to herself as she remembered the gleam that had lighted his green-gray eyes. No red-cheeked country boy about him. Why, he—he was smooth. She'd seen the way other women had stared at him. But it was Carol who had held him spellbound for three whole hours. Unconsciously she tossed her red-gold curls proudly. Hadn't he made her promise she would have dinner with him again tonight and go for a thrilling drive in his long, low racer?

The aura of eager confidence was still about her when she entered her new employer's book-lined study. Paul O'Connor broke off in his loose-limbed striding and looked sharply at her for a moment.

"Thank heavens you've come," he said. "The other girl left in a huff just when I'd gotten to the middle of my book. And in an unguarded

moment I've promised a rush article to the Catholic Friend. Now, if you'll—"

But Carol had already slipped off her hat and coat and was seated before the typewriter, glancing at the piled up sheets over which a tired pencil had scrawled.

"Before you tackle that batch, I'll dictate the article roughly to you. You can take it direct on the machine, can't you? Good! Then while you're typing the manuscript I can be correcting the rough draft."

He seated himself on the edge of the table and gazed steadfastly out of the window as he started dictating. It was more as if he were talking about a familiar and well loved theme, and once or twice the girl caught herself from stopping to listen to the inflections of his voice. But her flying fingers kept pace with him even though her mind was too occupied with getting his words down in row after row of stalwart letters to realize what those words actually meant.

She paused to slip in a fresh sheet on which to transfix the sentence that hovered in the air: "It was with the softness of a summer night that Our Lady came..." Carol looked up, her eyes glowing. "It sounds like a romance with knights and dragons and stone towers," she cried.

Paul O'Connor smiled down into her eager face. "Yes, I like to think that all our tales of chivalry and knighthood are rooted in man's love for Our Blessed Mother." At sight of the girl's perplexed frown, he added, "You are not a Catholic?"

Carol shook her head. "And I've never had a mother, not ever."

The man's eyes softened. "All the more reason for Our Lady to watch over you. She has a way of doing that, you know, even though we may not realize it."

The sheet of paper was adjusted now, and with a shy upward glance, Carol typed the end

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of the sentence. Steadily the quiet voice talked on to the accompaniment of her rapid tapping until at length the article was brought to its conclusion. Carol, to whom copying a book manuscript was a fitting part of a glorious day, could not believe her ears when Paul O'Connor told her that the clock had just struck six.

"Look here, Miss Carol," he said shamefacedly, "I hate to be a slave-driver. But between that girl leaving and waiting for the agency to send you along, I've lost so much time I'll have to ask you to work a while tonight. My housekeeper can give you dinner. I've simply got to have that final article posted when you go. You don't mind very much, do you?"

Carol smiled back. "Of course not. It's the nicest job I ever had."

For the moment she had forgotten her date with Harry Dunbar. But then, she thought when remembrance stung her, she could go out with Harry tomorrow night.

It was almost nine when she dropped the long envelope into the mailbox. Feeling baffled at the hotel operator's rejoinder that Mr. Dunbar was not in, Carol turned into a neighborhood movie. She simply couldn't go home and to bed after such an exciting day and, besides, the picture was Clark Gable in a stirring romance.

As she slipped into her seat, the man at the organ stood up in a glare of spotlight. "Hello, folks," he drawled. "Next Sunday is Mother's Day, so tonight let's sing some songs about the sweetest little lady in the world, the grandest friend a girl and fellow ever had. Remember, folks, how she loved you and took care of you—and spanked you maybe when you needed it. Come on now, everybody sing out. And wherever she is, she'll know you're thinking of her. Come on, folks, tell Mother in songs how much you love her."

Carol felt the muscles of her jaw stiffen. What did they have to do that for, she thought. Didn't they know some folks never had a mother? But the shamefaced tears that the songs

brought to her eyes were dried at the first glimpse of her favorite screen star. And the next day was so full of manuscript, it passed almost before she realized it had started.

She hadn't been able to get Harry on the phone to explain why she hadn't shown up last night, but she would go to the same restaurant and he would be there with eyes for no one else. As she boarded the bus, she picked up a discarded newspaper and glanced idly over the headlines. Sitdown strikes, and squabbles about the Supreme Court—dull things like that.

Suddenly her attention was caught by a volley of black type—KILLED ON JOYRIDE. What a gorgeous looking girl, Carol thought, and the man.... Why, it looked like—it was Harry Dunbar. But she had met him only two days ago, and she was to have gone riding with him last night. Carol's eyes flung wide in terror, and her breath seemed to shiver. Why, he was killed riding last night, and she might have been with him! She might have been dead now, like that gorgeous girl. How was it, why was it that she was still gloriously alive!

It was a subdued Carol who the next day told Paul O'Connor she didn't in the least mind working Saturday afternoon—she had been in the city too short a time to have any friends. Once or twice she looked up at him tentatively as if she wanted to ask him something. But the moments passed, and work absorbed her.

The noonday sun shone in her sleepy eyes when she wakened on the following morning. What a beautiful place the city was on a Sunday in the springtime! Carol dressed in the frock she liked best, just as if she were going

visiting instead of sauntering through the park. She treated herself to a luxurious breakfast, the kind of breakfast you'd have on a special day, and then set forth.

Her red-gold curls shone in the sun, and her eager young face was so alive it was no wonder the gnarled old florist smiled as he handed her the bunch of fragrant roses. "It's easy to see who these

After Death the Light

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

Now speeds the train adown the gloomy dell
As storm-filled clouds of blackest hue invest
The fleeting landscape with a sombre spell
While subtle terror grips at every breast.

In a tunnel blacker still than night
The awe-struck travelers in the speeding train
Are hurled along toward the distant light
Whose hopeful glimmer ushers in the day again.

So passes man into the tunnel death,
His lonely soul tormented by the fright;
Yet sees e'en as he breathes his latest breath
The hopeful glimmer of Eternal Light.

are for, Miss. She's a lucky woman, tell her for me."

Carol was still smiling shyly when she tiptoed timidly down the aisle of the old church she had passed each morning. There were so many statues. But what was it Mr. O'Connor had said? "Our Lady's gown was blue as the sky, and her face was gentle as the moonlight."

Yes, there she was, surrounded by flowers, her eyes turned toward the door as if watching for her children.

Carol laid the roses among the rest, and bobbed a shy little curtsy.

"Thank you, Mother, for watching over me," she whispered.

St. Benedict, Father of Western Monachism

Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. A. Rempe

EDITOR'S NOTE: This address on St. Benedict and his work was delivered by Monsignor Rempe of St. Clement's Church, Chicago, Illinois, in the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad on the transferred feast of St. Benedict, April 6.

WHEN your Right Reverend Abbot invited me to speak to you on the great feast-day of your Order, there came to me the memory of many delightful contacts I had had with the life and work of the Sons of St. Benedict, both here and abroad. But I am thinking today particularly of my good fortune in seeing so many of the imposing Benedictine foundations in the Old World which were at one time, or still are, peopled by your brethren in religion.

In London it was hard to break away from Westminster Abbey, one of the most glorious churches in Christendom, whose Benedictine origin is only too often forgotten in its latter day significance. On my way to Vienna I saw the great monastery of Melk in Austria, built like a huge fortress on a rocky eminence overlooking the historic valley of the Danube and remembered the part it played in the reform of your Order. Well do I remember a delightful afternoon visit in the famous abbey of Corvey on the Weser, whose origin goes back to the early years of the ninth century and whose long and remarkable history seemed embodied in the portraits of the many abbots that graced the walls of its interminable corridors. Deeply impressed on my memory is a Good Friday and



Holy Saturday visit at Maria Laach, where I had the privilege not only to attend the impressive ceremonies of these days but also one of the liturgical lectures that are annually given to men of academic professions.

When I came to famous Beuron I was agreeably surprised to find that I had arrived on the eve of the transferred feast of St. Benedict, and would, therefore, have the opportunity of witnessing the solemnity of their services. I had the pleasure there to meet P. Desiderius Lenz, the founder of the Beuron Art School, who even then, in spite of his advanced age was drawing plans for his ideal abbey church. On retiring that night I was deeply moved when the little tablet on the wall informed me that in the very room assigned to me Abbot Hildebrand de Hemptinne, the first Abbot Primate of your Order, had passed from time to eternity. I was a guest, too, at famous St. Stephen's in Augsburg where I met several princes of the Catholic house of Saxony, and where I learned that St. Stephen's was one of the popular stopping places of the Catholic nobility of Germany. Among the many other abbeys of Bavaria there come to my mind particularly the monasteries of St. Emmeram at Ratisbon and the beautiful monasteries of Bamberg and Banz to which I may add at this time on account of their proximity the Abbeys of Fulda and Salzburg—all of them so distinguished by the charm of their environ-

ment or the impressiveness of their architecture or the fame of their influence and achievements, that to have been there and to have felt their spirit seems like a grace from above. In Rome, of course, a visit to San Anselmo and St. Paul's outside of the Wall is something no traveller wishes to miss and from which he cannot help but draw inspiration and comfort for his soul.

On my way from Rome to Naples and home I saw on the horizon rising out of the plains of ancient Latium that sanctuary of the Benedictine Order—world-famed and hallowed Monte Cassino. And then for good measure I ended with a visit to Monreale in Sicily, the glories of whose church and monastery and cloisters I shall never forget.

It goes without saying that no priest could look upon these venerable strongholds of Benedictine activity, without meditating on the spirit that called them into being. And this thought and investigation would necessarily go back to that monumental figure, who in the providence of God had been chosen to lay the foundations of this gigantic movement—St. Benedict himself.

We understand, of course, that such men are prepared in an extraordinary manner. They themselves may not foresee the far-reaching mission to which they have been called, but just as surely there must be a time in their life when like gold they are tried in the fire, when they must make a great decision, when out of doubt and struggle and temptation they emerge as new men clothed with power from on high. That critical time came very early in the life of St. Benedict. A mere stripling in years he took up in the wild solitude of Subiaco that warfare which Christ imposes on every one of His followers and particularly on those who are called to share his work. It was clearly a question of choosing between the will of God and his own will. Not only a question of choosing, but a question of actually breaking his own will, making it the obedient and submissive slave of the divine will. None of us who have gone through life would dare to make light of that task. For it means to do incessant battle with the devil, the world, and the flesh. We know enough of St. Benedict's early life to understand that his struggle was exceptionally bitter; that it called for super-human strength and endurance. But, for that very reason, too, his victory was so deci-

sive, when coming forth from these three years of solitude, and struggle, and austerity, he had grown into the stature of spiritual manhood. More than ever his mind was rooted in the faith of Christ, more than ever was he determined to shape his life according to it, more than ever he was willing to dedicate his whole life to the service of Christ. Men that have gained this victory over self, this victory that overcometh the world, will soon become marked men. They have a poise and bearing, a breadth of view, a spirit of cheerful optimism, holy daring that fascinates and draws other men. They become leaders of men. This capacity for leadership must have been one of the outstanding characteristics of St. Benedict. For in spite of his youth men rallied around him, begged to be led by him.

He complied with their request by founding his monasteries, especially the cradle of the Order, Monte Cassino. Under his guidance boys and young men, and men were here trained in the religious life. At first, no doubt, his oral instruction and example were the norm which they were to follow, but as the number of his followers grew and the work developed, especially if it was to be perpetuated, the need of a written rule became more apparent. To that end, St. Benedict wrote his Rule, the great charter of the Monks of the West,—a rule so admirable that many have believed it to have been inspired by the Holy Ghost Himself. By it he gave to monachism a new form,—the form of a spiritual family rooted to one place, governed by one father, laboring for the one end—the conversion of their morals by means of self-discipline, prayer, and work. In it he revealed himself as a great law-giver, a wise ruler, a keen student and judge of men. Encouraging his followers to a life of great virtue, opening up the way to the summits of holiness, he nevertheless, breathed into his rule that spirit of moderation which has retained its magnetic charm through all the centuries.

From such beginnings came the Order of St. Benedict. That was the rock from which it was hewn; that was the spirit from which it was born. And now for 1400 years it has lived and labored as one of the powerful spiritual agencies of the Church. For seven centuries or more it was the one awe-inspiring exponent of the religious life in the West. It was

a mighty factor in shaping Christian Europe, in bringing order out of the chaos and confusion that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. In the high councils of Church and State its great influence was felt. It was the custodian of all the learning of the past. In its scriptoria the monks copied the writings of antiquity and in priceless tomes handed them down to posterity. They were the educators of nobles and peasants alike, for they taught not only in schools, but in fields and forests and shops. They built churches and monasteries that have withstood the ravages of time; and decorated them with paintings and mosaics that have been the delight of travelers from all over the world. In their noble abbey churches they have performed the liturgical functions with a dignity and solemnity befitting the sacred mysteries of our religion and have chanted the praises of God wisely and well through these many centuries. All in all, they have rendered a service to the Church that will insure to them the admiration and reverence of all posterity.

To be sure a history of fourteen centuries could not possibly be a story of undiminished glory and of uninterrupted triumphs. Like the Church itself, the Order had its periods of splendor and its periods of gloom. It scaled the heights of human achievement and it sounded the depths of human adversity. Many of its disasters came from without: from wars and rebellions and upheavals in whose wake there always ride the grim spectres of poverty and famine, disruption and ruin. Some of them came from within; because they allowed the vision of that light that came from St. Benedict in Monte Cassino to grow dim, because they yielded to intellectual and spiritual movements that were not in harmony with their own basic law. But to the everlasting credit of the Order be it said that it rose with new vigor and new fertility whenever it went back to the source of its life and its light.

Every now and then we hear the question raised: What about the future of the Order,

what about its place in the modern world. We all recognize the fact that the Church has entered upon another critical period of its history. Unbelief is rampant; there is open rebellion against Christ, against his Church, against the fundamental truths of Christianity. No wonder the Church is bent on rallying the great forces that are at her disposal, especially her religious families. And so there is no doubt that the Holy Father looks to the great Order of St. Benedict to do its part in the great struggle of today. What part this is to be and how it is to be done, is a problem which the Order itself is quite competent to solve. But to us who are on the outside, who know something of its glorious history, who try to understand its genius, one thing seems absolutely clear, that its main contribution to remedy the evils of modern

society will be in the faithful observance of its basic law, in its constant endeavor to train a body of men who accept the Gospel of Christ as a rule of life. Too many reformers are mere agitators; they seem to forget that the beginning of all reform must be the reform of oneself. To me every Benedictine monastery worthy of the name seems like a spir-

itual power-house, whose forces quietly, patiently, but nevertheless irresistibly, like the forces of nature itself, move toward the desired end. Benedictine work is not one of fits and starts.

To belong to such an Order is a great privilege and noble inspiration. You spend your lives in a tradition that is centuries old; you commune in spirit with men that are among the best the world and the Church has produced. You are flooded with a halo of their wisdom and their sanctity. Every new day brings you into contact with something that they have said and something which they have done, and which they have left to you as a blessed heritage. But above all, you have the memory and the example and the Rule of the man who stands like a giant among men,—your Founder, your Father in God.

Do you believe in miracles?

*Do you know how it feels
to be married?*

*THE GRAIL invites you to
look forward to the June
issue.*

From a Monastery Window

A. G. Wicke

AS I GAZE out on the sleeping night, I am reminded that the ancients always saw sleep and death as twins. Indeed the silence of death does reign over the beautiful countryside. How mysterious is the night. How symbolic the dawn. How like death the sleep of each night. How symbolic of the resurrection are both the awakening from sleep and the dawning of a new day. Symbolic of that glad day, when awakening, we shall sleep no more, of that last dawn when night shall cease to be. These thoughts crowd themselves into my consciousness as I perceive the first pale hint of dawn in the eastern sky. Save for the sleepy chirp of a bird as it stirs uneasily in its nest the entire countryside seems plunged into the deepest silence. The silence of sleep. The silence of death. The spell is broken by the deep tones of the great monastery clock as it strikes the quarter hour before four. Before its echo has died away among the hills the silent night is charged with the sweet music of the bells. How Huysmans or Jorgensen would have loved to describe this symphony of sound. Triumphant, wildly triumphantly, each bell seems to vie with its fellow in an effort supreme to proclaim to the sleeping world the great tidings that Christ has triumphed over death and that now death shall no more have dominion over us. Long enough have their beautiful voices been muted before the terrible happenings of the past days. They seem now to be making a supreme effort to make up in intensity of joy the sad vacation of Holy Week. Wave upon wave of sweet music sweeps caressingly over the sleeping countryside bidding men to arise and stand unafraid, for they bring glad tidings, "He has risen as He said."

That indefinable something which precedes the active awakening of men in numbers is conveyed to me as I stand before the open window. Somehow I sense that the message of the bells is not to be unheeded here. Subdued sounds reach me. Somewhere a door opens softly and then closes. Another. The monastery is awakening from a night of repose. Hurrying footsteps that glide without noise along the long corridor that leads to the church. It is a scene that has been reenacted for nearly fifteen hundred years when St. Benedict, the last of the Romans, established his first monastery. The monks are gathering in the church for the morning office. Over the doorway leading into the church each monk has read the legend from the Holy Rule "*operi Dei nihil praeponatur*." The last monk is in his place, the bells are silent. The great clock sends out on the night air the stroke of four. For a single, golden moment all is silent until the father Abbot raises his voice in that magnificent prayer to God "*Deus in adiutorium meum intende*" and the life of the monastic family takes up anew where it was suspended last evening by repose. Begins anew as it has for fifteen centuries with a cry to God for help in the battle so unequal but for the divine help. The matchless beauty of the psalms is followed by the lessons, themselves almost as old as the Church. And thus the night office proceeds to its superb

apogee in the Te Deum, that glorious hymn of praise to the Holy Trinity.

Lauds, to me, has always seemed to be the most beautiful part of the divine office. It is because at this precise time of the church's day that nature seems almost to vie with grace for the privilege of pouring into the human soul an abundance of that divine virtue without which life would be only a terrible dream. I mean, of course, hope. Is it not at this precise time that nature presents, in all its grandeur, her own assurance of the reality of the resurrection? And without the resurrection there could be no cause for hope. Look and behold there in the eastern sky that mystery of color and dare to doubt of God's love? But hearken to the message that is borne down the corridor from the church. What words are these that stir once more to joyous music the voices of the bells? *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He has visited and wrought the salvation of His people. Ring out glorious bells, peal upon peal to a tired and weary world that hope does indeed live "because He hath visited and wrought the salvation of His people."

The eastern sky is now aflame with a riot of beauty that heralds the coming of the sun. Ah the sun without which the world would be utterly destroyed. The sun, pale symbol of the Son of God without Whom humanity is meaningless. That heralds the coming of the sun. Even so. "And thou, child, shall be called a prophet of the Most High; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His way." What artists' souls must have dwelt in the bodies of the makers of the liturgy. How superbly they caught the very spirit of nature herself and wedded it to their purpose. And now I see the flame of fire and color in the eastern sky slowly receding, making ready for the burning, blazing glory of the sunrise. I think perforce of those words of the Precursor as recorded in St. John's gospel: "He must increase, but I must decrease." The first purple tints that colored the eastern sky have slowly, almost imperceptibly faded into aquamarine, sapphire, glowing coral and burning topaz as the white fire of morning is lighted on the altar of day. A fire that smolders, ready to burst into the blinding glory of sunrise and another day. Suddenly, almost as if a miracle had happened before my very eyes, I perceive just above the rim of the world a tiny arc of dazzling whiteness. As if lifted by unseen hands, the blazing host of the sun is raised in benediction above the earth. The blessed symbol of Easter day. He has risen as He said. The symbol has become reality. Mankind, blessed with the heat of divine love and the light of faith takes new courage. I gaze long at the blazing mystery and deep within my soul I hear a voice that whispers softly of the deep mystery of the love of God. A last lingering look at the splendor of the eastern sky and I turn away and find my way to the sacristy. It is in very truth the time for the morning sacrifice. INTROITO AD ALTARE DEI. AD DEUM QUI LAETIFICAT JUVENTUTEM MEAM.

I Introduce....

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

EVERYONE knows what the preface of a book is. Well, the Preface of the Mass can be considered in much the same way. If you will look up the Latin word "Praefatio" in the dictionary, you will find, "that which is said before one does anything. For example, what is said before the conferring of a gift or reward."

The Preface of the Mass is an introduction to the Canon of the Mass. It is a sort of preparatory prayer that leads the way to the completion of the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a guide telling us how to enter into the most sacred of mysteries of our Faith. It is something which calls our attention to the fact that we must give praise and thanks to God, who is allowing us to participate in this Memorial of His Love for us.

Christ, at the Last Supper, raised His eyes to Heaven and gave thanks before changing bread and wine into His adorable Flesh and Blood. In the Preface the priest, an alter Christus, raises his eyes to the same Heaven and gives thanks before changing bread and wine into that same adorable Flesh and Blood.

The Apostles followed the example of their Divine Model in this matter of giving thanks before performing the Eucharistic Act. The Preface of the Mass can be traced back in an unbroken line to Apostolic times. Examine any of the most ancient liturgies you may chance to come across. You will always find a Preface. Before the eleventh century, the Western Church had several hundred of them. Of the fifteen we now have in use, eleven date from the thirteenth century. Others, such as those for the Mass of Christ the King and of the Sacred Heart, are of recent years.

All the Prefaces have the same physical make-up. Each consists of an introduction, a body, and a conclusion. The introductory part is always the same. The body, however, changes according to the spirit of the feast or of the liturgical season.

At the very beginning of the Preface we notice something peculiar. The priest remains facing the altar when he says 'Dominus vobiscum.' This is the only time during the whole Mass that such a thing happens. The reason becomes apparent when we realize that from now on the priest is speaking face to face with God. It is true, of course, that the Consecration has not yet taken place, but it is so close that the anticipation of it seems only natural.

Following the 'Dominus vobiscum' and its answer the 'Sursum corda' (lift up your hearts) is said by the priest. He accompanies the words by raising his hands, until now reposing on the altar, to the height of his shoulders. We see a gesture of appeal to God that at the same time signifies the raising of the heart and mind to God in a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. The posture recalls vividly the pictures in the catacombs of the *Ecclesia orans*, the Church at prayer. By raising his hands, the priest wishes to show that he is withdrawing himself from earth and earthly things. He wants God to take hold of his hands, to draw him to Himself, to make him worthy to participate in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

So much for the meaning and interpretation of the Preface. What about the music to which the Preface is sung? It should be sufficient to know that Mozart once said that he would be willing and pleased to lose all the fame he ever attained from all his musical compositions, if only he could have composed the music for the Preface.

Desire out of love to be perfectly conformed to the likeness of thy Eucharistic King, Who cannot countenance inordinate earthly affections.—Fr. de la Colombiere.

The Precious Blood is the cement of the Palace of the Church.—Faber.

Personality Club

Jocelyn Bart

IN CONNECTION

with simplicity of manners, the best rule to abide by is that of a famous Englishman, "Manners without mannerisms." Do not stress any particular angle of manners. Do not make any one manner noticeable. Be conspicuous for having no outstanding mannerisms. I have two friends who perhaps exaggerate a phase of manners. One eats so silently that he embarrasses everyone who has to eat at the same table with him. He takes little quantities, and somehow makes no sound and little movement. I am not holding forth in favor of noisy soup eaters or sounding coffee sippers but for simplicity—lack of exaggeration. The other friend glides or sweeps across the floor to greet me, hand outstretched with an "ah, so delighted." I think she must have studied that welcome before the glass for hours, or copied some movie star. Everyone notices it, but I have yet to hear a compliment of it. It is forced—unreal. In the same sense I dislike the hearty slap on the back or the timid hand shake.

Perhaps I can illustrate what I mean by manners of ease without familiarity or abruptness, and dignity without rigidity or fear. A group of four were discussing manners. Mr. X prided himself on possessing perfect manners and being quite an actor. He began a comparison between the relation of son to father of yesterday and today.

"In my time," he dramatized, "my father would read his paper in the evening and I would creep into the room, gradually get nearer his chair and then ask timidly if I might go out for the evening for a little while. If I received permission, I would go out quietly. The boy of today rushes into the room, hands in pocket,

How Babies Die

PASCHAL BOLAND

A mother was holding close to her breast
The brown curly head of her babe at rest,
His pink cherub fingers clutched at her dress,
While he dreamed a dream of great loveliness.

The mother was holding close to her breast
Her babe that now was forever at rest,
For Mary with Jesus within her arm
Had taken the babe away from all harm.

He saw a Queen who was vested in blue;
In her arms resting was a Baby, too,
Who smiling stretched forth His tiny Hand
And brought him into the Heavenly Land.

passes his father quickly with 'I'm going out—O. K? Be back late.' What are manners coming to?"

I wasn't impressed by the little drama, not that my generation was being ridiculed but that I saw a similarity between the two sons. Both had manners that I would not care to possess because they had no easy command of themselves; both were afraid of their

parents. Each expressed his fear in the manner of his generation, but each had fear. Before the manners could be made perfect, the relationships would have to be cleared of uneasiness and lack of companionship. My point is merely to illustrate that simplicity of manners is a 'happy medium' free from the extreme of coldness or boldness and lacking in mannerisms.

In this month of May, it is well to consider the manners of Our Lady—Maid of humble birth and Queen of the greatest household on earth and now of heaven. Can we remember any outstanding mannerism? Weren't all her actions as recorded typified by simplicity. Even when she showed her power, her manners were quiet and simple. Did she run worried and noisy to her Son at the marriage feast and exclaim, "Oh, they haven't any wine. You must help. You must, must! Think of the disgrace!"

She merely told him quietly, without letting everyone overhear and see her influence and His Power, that there was no wine. When her Son protested that His time had not come, did she retort, "But I am your mother. You can't refuse me. You owe me that much at least. Just this once, for me!" She insisted quietly and Christ worked His first public miracle. We might ask Our gracious Lady this month to help us attain the happy medium in manners—simplicity.

The Usher Loves the Bridesmaid

Joan Quilty

(Continued from last month)

DAD said that was why they had gotten so perturbed this evening because the discussion, rather veiled, had been about the possibility of living on Jimmy's wages. Mr. MacRand cut Dad short to remark that HE was paying his brother Fred ten a week to keep Jimmy busy at the coal yard because Jimmy last year had kept asking for a roadster and other fancy doodads; what the deuce did he need with a roadster at college? It was thought he ought to feel he had earned some of his own money for college this year.

Dad began stalking back and forth so that Mr. MacRand had to pull his long legs close in under his chair because dad, not being very tall, holds his head high. Dad remarked with a whimsical smile, "I'm afraid your Jimmy can't have saved enough of that ten a week to even pay for his text books the way he's been taking my daughter out night after night."

Mr. MacRand shook his head gloomily. "He's managed to evade me everytime I've asked to see his savings account book, with more alibis than you could shake a cat at. Jimmy used to think the summer was made up of swimming and tennis and the fishing trips he and I used to make to Bear's Lake." In a hurt voice, "He didn't even want to go with me this summer."

Dad stopped in front of Mr. MacRand. "Well darnation! what do you think I feel like? I haven't had one decent game of golf with Marjory all summer. Everytime we get out to the links, which is only when your brother Fred has sense enough to keep Jimmy in at the coal yard, Marjory is so dreamy it's no fun at all." With dismal pride, "And she used to romp around the course like a golden tornado."

"Will you both please stop your driveling?" Mrs. MacRand's soft voice had a snap in it and her fingers kept unwinding from the chair arms. "We'll be lucky, from what Father just said, if they don't elope from under our very noses!"

Mother leaned forward in her chair and stared at Mrs. MacRand with scared eyes, "Father Cameron—just said—they might elope!"

Mrs. MacRand gave mother a rueful look, "I—I was going to try and tell you gently but—"

"Gently!" with muttered asperity from Mr. MacRand.

"No, but tell me!" mother said in a breathless worried voice, "Elope! Father Cameron said?"

"No, no! I just—. They had gone to him—He called—That's why we—talk to you—," Mrs. MacRand was becoming quite inarticulate.

"Oh Mary, for heaven's sake!" Mr. MacRand exclaimed. Then pointing his long fingers together carefully, he said, "Your Marjory and our Jimmy went over to see Father Cameron early this afternoon, Father Cameron was Jimmy's high school principal, you know, and after they had gone he telephoned us. . . . Mary and I thought we'd better come over to you,—"

"What did he say?" mother anxiously interrupted.

Well Marjory and Jimmy had been over to ask his advice on getting married, and from what he said he had been positively eloquent on the absurdity of it. But Father called up to tell the MacRands that all his eloquence had had no effect on Majory and Jimmy. Mother and dad moaned and asked if he had suggested any way for them to handle the situation. Father Cameron had advised to threaten, to fume and fuss and forcibly separate them, as sending Jimmy on a prolonged trip out of town, (Mr. MacRand gloomily admitted he had suggested wanting to do all this) wouldn't do a bit of good but would more likely put an end to Jimmy's and Marjory's hesitation. Ignoring the idea, treating it as a notion too silly to be taken seriously, as childish nonsense, Father Cameron had said he thought was the best plan. Because if worse came to worse they

would always have the weapon left of blowing up drastically!

Dad growled, turning his back and staring out on the garden all aglow with sunset light, that he supposed the only thing they could really count on was the children having some common sense. Turning he queried with a pathetically hopeful look in his eye, "I really think they have some, don't you?"

Mother said fiercely, "Oh, how I've prayed and prayed to the Lord to let it pass off as just a summer romance!" Suddenly she caught my eye, "Why Jane, what are you doing here? I can see the Burns's children playing croquet; why don't you join them, dear?" As I rose slowly to my feet and trailed down the terrace steps, mother said, "I'm scared to death of this wedding of Dorothy's. Jimmy's an usher and Marjory's a bridesmaid. I'm terrified it will put more ideas than ever into their heads."

It was two days later that our dressmaker, Mrs. Madden, came for the final fitting of Marjory's bridesmaid gown, and the wedding was only forty-eight hours away. I was awfully excited, as I leaned over the banister urging Marjory to hurry up. I hopped from one foot to the other.

Marjory's thin lovely mouth was smiling dreamily as she came up the stairs swinging her slender legs with easy grace.

I whispered teasingly, "What perfectly scrumptious thing did Jimmy say last night?"

Marjory's head jerked up and I was scared for a minute she was going to be angry, but she laughed, "Oh you imp! such a nervy imp! But I—I guess I must have looked awfully dazed and silly?" Her eyes questioned appealingly.

"Oh, no, Sis, you couldn't look silly! You're too—too—too—," the words wouldn't come that I wanted but they were something like sincere and square.

Marjory brushed my hair back of my ears and straightened my belt, as she shook her head with jeering mournfulness, "But I know I go around looking dreamy and half-awake—and I try not to! But I seem to have so many things to think about, I don't believe I've ever had so much to think about."

I felt miserable and I knew I'd cry in a moment. Oh, Sis, wouldn't be such a fool; she

was so clever and sweet! I took her hand, "Come on, let's see your dress."

In the room with a lift of her arms Marjory pulled her blue linen dress over her head and then stood carefully still while Mrs. Madden dropped the swirl of rose-gold velvet over her. Marjory smoothed her hair and walked slowly toward the pier glass. Oh it was lovely! and Sis drew a breath of joyous astonishment and her cheeks flushed as she gazed; the dress sloped gracefully from her white shoulders down into long full sleeves like morning glories with a shimmering lining, then curving and caressing her, the velvet swept to the floor and spread into a soft little train. I heard a whisper, "Jimmy, when you see....!"

Marjory and Jimmy with the other bridesmaids and ushers had helped to decorate St. Edward's white altars with great clusters of yellow and brown autumn leaves and vivid burning dahlias for Dorothy's wedding. The severe white gothic church, the tall dark pews curved beautifully behind the rose-gold of the bridesmaids as hesitatingly they came up the aisle under the organ's heavy throb. Dorothy's face was as white as the flowing satin of her dress and Uncle Richard had a white set look, worried and terrified at turning over his daughter to some one else's care, I guessed, and his hand clasped Dorothy's hand tightly where it lay on his arm. I hadn't ever thought, before, that weddings were serious, solemn things.

Mother and dad knelt tense and rigidly during the Mass and marriage services. Mr. MacRand, across the aisle, was praying with a glaring emphatic look and little Mrs. MacRand's earrings were bobbing in a persuasive, beseeching manner. Parents' prayers rising frantically, lovingly. I tried to tell the Lord, too, about it, and beg Him to do something, something, before it was too late.

The organ throbbed with vibrating crashes. The brides and ushers came down the aisle. Jimmy looked overwhelming—tall and blond and grown-up, in his black cut-away coat as he walked beside Marjory. He was looking down at her with a joyous shining gaze. But Marjory had a quiet, aloof air and stared ahead of her with unseeing eyes, the tips of her gloved fingers resting on Jimmy's arm.

But at the church door, as the packed congregation surged excitedly into the aisles, we

saw Marjory sparkling with laughter as she swooped out of the arms of one usher after another. . . . in the mad kissing game that had infected them all when Dorothy was lifted high in all her bridal whiteness and soundly kissed by her glowing young husband. There was impish delight in Marjory's face as she tried, not too carefully, to elude their laughing clutches.

Uncle Richard was getting into the roadster by himself.

Mother said, "Frank, don't you think you ought to drive out with Richard? He doesn't seem at all himself, so white and nervous."

"Perhaps I better. If you're sure you can manage all right? That road is bad going in spots."

"Oh yes, I'll be—"

Dad's hat, pearly gray and new for the wedding, blew off, a wild, yelling lot of ushers gave chase as it gustily danced around lamp posts and they slithered after it, into the street. Jimmy brought it back, looking like nothing that had ever been new. Giving it a disgusted look, dad threw it irritably into the back of the car.

Uncle Richard had already gotten under way with a harsh ripping crash of gears. Jimmy and Marjory shot after him, in the little coupe Jimmy's uncle had freed from duty at the coal yard for the day. After them streamed the rest of us with the bride's among the last—then out upon the rutted country road leading to the new subdivision where Uncle Richard had built, upon a hill, a home for Dorothy and Richard.

As we twisted and rocked along as fast as possible—Uncle Richard was getting an awful pace up ahead—dad's voice came in grunts, "Richard—stewy—fussy—as half a dozen aunts!"

"A terrible responsibility getting his only chick married off." Mother put her hand to her mouth and gave a gasp, "Frank, did you see!—Richard—he went off—right off the road! but he's back on again. He shouldn't be driving so fast!"

"Darn fool! He's not watching where he's going." Far up ahead we could glimpse Uncle Richard's car madly racing over the winding, hilly road, missing, by the breath of a leaf, the trees that closely hugged the road. Dad scolded, "I suppose he's rushing ahead to see if the caterers have enough Parker house rolls!"

Mother began, "Marjory looked rather thoughtful and serious at the wedding, didn't—" mother moaned and I screamed for just as we topped a hill, we saw Uncle Richard's car jounce out of control and tear headlong into one of the big trees. Then it settled slowly half way over on its side. Dad muttered a prayer and stepped on the gas.

Our road skirting the hill, we were able to see another car stop and Marjory running over the green grass, her skirt trailing held high, Jimmy at her side. Wrenching open the car door they were helping uncle out of the car when he collapsed on the running board. Our car turned the hill, and some minutes later when we drew up beside them they had managed to place Uncle Richard in Jimmy's car before he lost consciousness. His head with a deep gash streaming blood Marjory was holding against her shoulder to keep him from sliding down in the seat. Her arms, even her throat were smeared with blood, but she was holding uncle erect.

Dorothy, in her bridal whiteness, came running under the trees, the wind lifting and catching her veil in the shumac bushes, her eyes full of horror, "Oh dad! dad!"

Mother took her arm, "Dear, I think it's only a bad flesh wound."

We drove slowly ahead to the house. Dad went for the doctor. Upstairs mother and Dorothy took care of Uncle. Downstairs Mr. and Mrs. MacRand cleared out the caterers with all their cheese sticks, gelatine-shaking salad mounds, brown patty shells, wedding-bell ice cream molds. I ran up and downstairs, up and down, delivering messages and carrying things until my legs bent like rubber. On one trip I picked up Dorothy's veil off a hall chair; it had big blood stains on it and jagged tears with small leaves caught in them. I didn't know what to do. I took it into one of the bedrooms and tried to spread its fluffy loveliness over the foot of the bed.

The doctor came and said it was a bad head cut but more painful than serious; also there were several broken ribs. So Jimmy was sent to town to pick up a nurse. He gave an appalled look at his cutaway suit for striding around town in, at noon, hunting up a nurse and went. Marjory was sent downstairs and

she leaned with dazed weariness against the living room table.

Dad, the bridegroom, and Mr. MacRand were down in the basement trying to start up the new furnace and they were making a terrific racket, a grinding noise with a metallic banging and scrapping. Their voices were loud and belligerent. Mrs. MacRand 'shushed' hissing, but a lot of good that did!

An hour or so after, Jimmy arrived carrying the nurse's suitcase, the nurse following, her arms full of flowers, Dorothy's bridal bouquet that had been forgotten in the car.

Then Marjory, Jimmy and I were shooed into the flower-bedecked living room to wait. Marjory curled up in one corner of the low sofa; she had changed to one of Dorothy's gingham and her mussed hair curled about her hot excited face. Behind her the cream stucco fireplace was banked with purple asters and ferns and festive tapering candles waiting to be lit. Jimmy stretching his long length in the wing chair grinned across at her. They made me fidgety, smiling at each other without saying anything. So I sat out on the stairs and read. I wasn't trying to listen!

Jimmy must have moved over to the couch. But Marjory's voice was clearer because it was more forcible.

"Oh Jimmy! As if my hair wasn't mussed enough already! Sit up and behave yourself. Oh Jimmy deerrrr, please stop!

Jimmy—listen. Our dream—I know you're going to call me a coward—but I can't go through with it. I honestly can't. Today has been too much for me.

"Sickness . . . worry. We'd have to shoulder them, too, in our married life. I don't think I'm strong enough yet—or know enough to do it successfully. All right—all right I am a coward! Yes it was—sweet, our dream—I wish—I wish—we could have kept on dreaming."

"But look, Jimmy. When Dorothy and Richard were getting married it dawned on me it was a dreadfully serious business—it scared me—and I know it did you too, because I could tell by the queer solemn look in your eyes. You've got that same look in your eyes now. Jimmy dear, you know I am talking sense—you know I am!

When we were all out on the front porch, ready to start home, Marjory's clear voice chimed "Mother, don't you love Dorothy's dining room drapes? do you suppose I could make some like them for my room at college?"

You'd think the sun had come out, the beaming, head-lifting relief with which we all walked down the steps!

Mr. MacRand's growl rose above the chatter of "rose chint is charming," "voile glass curtains" as he affirmed, "Jimmy your mother thinks—might manage—that green '32 roadster down at Hinkinson's—take back to college with you—foolishness—"

An amazed gasp from Mrs. MacRand, and she beamed.

But Jimmy gave them a queer twisted little smile, "Thanks mom and dad, but I don't really need a car down at college. You'd better save the money."

And standing sternly beside the door, he helped his stunned parents into the car.

Of What Value is a Friend

A FRIEND may well be considered one of the masterpieces of God. You are in the midst of a fit of blues—your friend clears away the depressing shadows; you have an almost impossible task—your friend does more than half; you feel that the world is united against you—your friend comes to your aid with such moral support that would overturn half a league of nations. Perhaps you will say that you could fight a pretty good fight through your battles alone. Perhaps you can. But two heads are better than one, and four arms hit twice as often as two, and if, fighting alone, you were mortally wounded, your cause would perish with you, but with a friend your enemy is struck down even as he delivers your wounds. Treated with respect and consideration, a friend is the one person who can do more for you than you can yourself by pointing out some characteristic failing in you which has been overlooked in your not-too-critical self-examination. Therefore make as many friends as you can, and value those you have more than anything else, for, a better man is required to care for you than you are yourself.

Mavern Tighe.

Multum in Parvo

By Father Abbot

Personality!
Character!
Success!

Those are the things we all crave for. We can have them. We simply need to know what not to do; what to do; how; and why. The four following laws teach these four things definitely and infallibly:

1. "See thou *never* do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another."
—Tob. 4:16
2. "All things therefore whatsoever you would have that men should do to you, do you also to them."—Matt. 7:12
3. "A new Commandment I give unto you: 'That you love one another, as *I have loved* you.'"—John 13:34
4. "*That they all may be one*, as Thou, Father in Me and I in Thee."—John 17:21.

Have the courage to try these four things in your daily life, and you will have a winning personality, a strong character, and assured success.

Reading the News

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

The Spanish War

AFTER many months of fierce fighting, this devastating civil strife still goes on. Who seems to be winning? This is a very hard question to answer, in spite of the large amount of news one sees in the papers. It is hard to answer because—to put the matter very bluntly—we are not getting the news, we are not getting the truth.

We cannot trust the news which the papers carry from Spain, first of all, because of the strict censorship on all news coming from that country. Correspondents are permitted to write home only what those in control want them to send home. So it all depends on which side the correspondent happens to be as to what kind of news we get from Spain. Dispatches carrying news of victory or defeat, of the killing of non-combatants, the destruction of property, etc., are all questionable. Interpreters of news are quite agreed that we shall not know the full truth of this dreadful war until long after it has reached an end.

There is another reason why we cannot trust the news we read in our daily papers concerning this war: more and more it becomes evident that the generality of our American newspapers have become in this, as in many other matters, organs of propaganda rather than organs of true news. Writers who have really obtained the truth have challenged them, have demonstrated their bias, if not open falsehood, yet to no avail. They still persist in speaking of General Franco's army as the "rebels" and "insurgents" or "Fascists"—though they are none of these. Propagandists are making every effort to spread the idea that the "Loyalists" are the government forces, who are fighting nobly to preserve democracy in Spain, whereas all the intelligent world knows they are but anarchists, reds, communists, who seized power by criminal means, committed atrocious crimes that will be forever a horror to the civilized world, and are fighting to spread their unlawful, communistic power with the help of Communist Russia and Socialist France. True democracy, such as we

have it in this country, is as far from their minds as it is from the minds of the rulers of Russia.

We are not required indeed to give General Franco our entire endorsement. He and his men may have made themselves guilty of acts of cruelty. Knowing, however, the enemies he is fighting, we cannot help but wish him well, and pray that the Anti-Christ, as represented by Communism, may soon be driven out of Spain.

The Supreme Court

ALL ARE by now acquainted with the plan of our President whereby he hopes to increase the efficiency of the Supreme Court. Many wonder whether he or his opponents are right in the debate. It is no doubt a serious matter. The Supreme Court has always meant much to every good American. It stands as a solid bulwark against any injudicious acts on the part of the Executive or any ill-advised acts of our Legislative bodies. As in the Church we have a supreme, infallible tribunal—Rome—which can always say the final word in matters of faith and morals, thereby giving us comforting security in seasons of doubt, so to our Supreme Court have we likewise attributed a judicious wisdom partaking of infallibility which should secure us in our civic rights. Hence, any tampering with this august body strikes us with somewhat of the impact of sacrilege.

In spite of the fact that no less a Catholic authority than the *Commonweal* has endorsed the President's proposal, there may still remain some doubt in our minds as to its wisdom. To this writer, the following seems to be the state of the matter: Whatever the President seeks to achieve by changing the Court, could be achieved just as well by leaving the Court as it is and hurrying through one or more necessary and needed amendments to the Constitution. On the other hand, all the arguments which have been brought forward by those who favor the change smack too much of party politics, of 'yessing' the President. Unusquisque in suo sensu abundet!

"Sex" Crimes

THAT the crime of rape, usually accompanied by brutal murder, on defenseless women and young girls, is becoming ever more frequent throughout our land, has lately become evident to all who read. So often the crimes have been so ingeniously accomplished as to baffle the most expert guardians of the law. Quite naturally public sentiment has been aroused. Our civilization seems to be reverting to something worse even than barbarism. Among the many and various remedies proposed, which should be adopted and put to work?

Among all the proposals put forward, let us keep this one thing in mind: A man who from childhood has been taught the sacredness of the sex function, who has been taught to practice all the safeguards of modesty, who has lived an ordinarily clean life, will never come to that extreme of perversion exhibited by those who commit these crimes. On the other hand, what can be expected of products of that system of education which in the end has no place for the practice of restraint over the impulses of nature, which all but bids the young to give full rein to the flesh? Sex perversion is ever the result of indulgence.

Moreover, the public is more or less educated to such horrid acts by newspapers which persist in telling graphically all the details of these crimes, spreading over their pages pictures of the victims, usually quite nude, and leaving the impression of irresponsibility on the part of the criminal.

Finally, the criminal, if caught, may escape on some legal technicality or be put in prison for a short interval. In either case he is soon set free to mingle in the society of the honest and upright, and, being a confirmed criminal in this respect, will be certain to repeat his crime on some unsuspecting victim. Let our lawyers and lawmakers be convinced that sex pervers are forever socially unfit. Society must be rid of them, sob-sisters and sentimentalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the Beginning was the Word

George A. Thoma

I CANNOT for the life of me get the view point of a materialistic evolutionist, who will, in all seriousness, claim that there was a time when NOTHING existed, and that by some accident, some chance occurrence, a single tiny speck, an infinitesimal electron came into existence; was not *created*, mind you, but *came* into existence, *created itself*, as it were.

I can understand how, by looking around at the various species of animal and vegetable life, these evolutionists might come to a conclusion that one form of life evolved from another, and that all forms evolved from a common source. I can even reasonably follow them all the way back to the first electron. But further I cannot go. I cannot go from something, no matter how small, to NOTHING. Nor can I believe, or see how others can possibly believe, that "in the beginning" there was NOTHING, and then, suddenly, without any Cause, there was SOMETHING, the first electron, let us say. The gap between NOTHING and SOMETHING is wider than the distance from one corner of the vast universe to its furthestmost opposite corner.

To believe that some Almighty Individual ("Almighty God," we call Him) with a single act of His all-powerful will, CREATED the first, and every other, electron, is utterly reasonable, sane and intelligent. To believe otherwise is unreasonable, absurd and without foundation of experienced fact and truth.

Speaking about the "corners" of the universe brings forth another natural mystery that should be a source of confusion to any atheist who attempts to establish his atheism upon "reason." It is at the same time, a source of utter comfort to those of us who are forced to listen and bear with the rantings of those pseudo-scientists whose "science" is supposed to be "replacing" religion.

The Mystery I refer to is the mystery of the extent of the universe. We think rather casually of billions of miles and light years, from here to the next star; everyone admits that the universe is large, very large; immeasurable, in

fact, by the instruments of science as they have been thus far developed. But the measurement of this vast space of the universe is, to me, entirely beyond the point. The important thing is not "How far does the universe extend?" but "What lies beyond the universe?"

Somewhere the universe has to stop. It can't go on and on forever, like Tennyson's brook. Somewhere there is a limit, a line; and what lies beyond the line, only God knows. Who else could know? Who else could imagine, could conceive, could form a picture in his mind of such a ridiculously important triviality as NOTHING?

I was talking to a friend of mine the other night. We were chatting about books, and gradually our talk drifted around to books dealing with the mysteries of space; that is, books that dealt with these mysteries, not in a mysterious way, but in a sort of matter-of-fact way; books dealing with the anticipated future conquests of space by means of rocket ships and the like. We dwelt on Buck Rogers, I will admit, and on H. G. Wells and his "War of the Worlds." We wondered if life actually did exist upon other planets and solar systems, and we recalled a book,—fiction of course,—that dealt with a trip to Jupiter or Mars or some such planet, by means of a rocket shot out into space just in time to avoid being annihilated by the "end" of the world.

This particular rocket-load of humans reached the new planet and found to their (and our) amazement, that it was populated by humans very much like ourselves with this exception: They had had their Garden of Eden, their Adam and Eve, their forbidden fruit, but, contrary to our sad experience, their First Parents had abided by the law of God, and had not committed Original Sin. You can imagine what a difference this made in their daily lives. They had strong, healthy wills, undimmed intellects, lived not "by the sweat of their brows," and *never died!* When it came time for their dissolution, they entered into a kind of Holy of

Holies, and from there were taken up directly to heaven: The doors of the temple were shut upon old men and women who had lived their allotted span, certain prayers were said, the doors were opened, and pouf! the old people were gone!

It all seemed rather a stiff story, incredible, even impossible. And yet, as my friend said, "Well, they say that anything that can be thought of, conceived in the human brain, can become possible, however improbable it may seem."

And that's why the idea of the mystery of a limitable universe struck me. "Here," said I, "we have something which is true, which is possible, and yet the mind cannot conceive it. The mind cannot picture NOTHING; cannot imagine what NOTHING would be like."

"Now I cannot see," I went on, "how an atheist, a materialist, can deny the mystery of Almighty God, the Trinity, Immortality, Heav-

en and Hell, and still quibble when he comes to a mystery, a natural mystery, a mystery of the inconceivable, that lies under his very nose: the mystery of the universe.

"I don't want to know how some people explain such a mystery to their followers; I want to know how they explain such a mystery to themselves. I want to know if they ever sit down and ask themselves this question: How far does the Universe extend and WHAT LIES BEYOND THE UNIVERSE? I want to know if they have ever given serious thought to that question. Whether they have ever thought about it at all."

My friend and I came to the conclusion that they had not. We came to the conclusion that they had studiously refrained from thinking about a good many things, in order to maintain their atheism intact, and we decided that there was a good deal of truth in the words, "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God."

Dom Placid Riccardi

Edmund Morthorst, O. S. B.

FOR AN introduction suitable to the life of a man whose case for beatification is proceeding at the Roman Court let me quote the words of one still living who had the distinction of being numbered among his personal friends. Reverend Father Eugene Spiess of St. Meinrad Abbey is the privileged friend whose words are here recorded.

Dom Placid was a much older man than I when I made my studies in Rome; in fact, he was a priest and I only a cleric. I loved this confrere of mine. I did not know that he practiced severity with himself. He was quite friendly. But I also recall that something, whatever it may have been, caused me to love this priest and I watched him on every occasion. It is as if I can now see Don Placido, with his hands on his lips, thumbs hidden behind his cincture, eyes down, swaying his rather tall form in a most leisurely manner as he walked through the big basilica to hear confessions in some hidden nook not far from St. Paul's remains. As a rule the

basilica was crowded, at times jammed with people. Don Placido managed in some way to pass through the crowd without ever lifting his eyes. I feel sure he saw no one."

Dom Placid was born at Spoleto in Umbria on the feast of St. John Baptist in the year 1844. In his early years there appeared nothing about him that could warrant the title remarkable. He was a typical Italian lad, a lover of life, not over-pious, enjoying at all times the pleasant amusements of his day, be it at games, in the home, at the opera, or wherever the occasions presented themselves.

At the age of twenty he went to Rome and there entered the Dominican College to take up the study of philosophy. As yet he had not chosen for himself a state of life. After due consideration and prayer and a retreat made in Rome he decided to join the Benedictine community at St. Paul's-outside-the-walls. On November 12, 1866, he was admitted as a postulant, and after one month, having made a favor-

able impression, received the habit. In place of his baptismal name Thomas, he was given his Benedictine name Placid.

After a year's fervent novitiate he pronounced his vows on January 18, 1867, the feast of the Holy Name. Completing the study of philosophy he enthusiastically took up the subject which naturally interested him as a soul thirsting for the words of God, theology.

He applied himself energetically to his studies, using all his spare time in their pursuit, a habit he continued even in later life. We may say of him what is said of St. Bede: "Semper studuit, semper legit, semper docuit, semper oravit." Thus Dom Placid passed from prayer to study and from study to prayer, leaving no time for the "otium cum dignitate."

On September 24, 1870, three days after Rome was occupied by the Piedmont troops, Cardinal Patrizi conferred on him the order of deaconship in the basilica of St. John Lateran. As the result of the political change Dom Placid was called upon to report for military service. He asked for a delay of two or three days in order to finish his examinations. For this labeled a traitor and deserter, he was arrested. In Florence he spent the two months preceding his trial in uninterrupted prayer. On December 9 he was condemned to a year's imprisonment, but through the influence of his monastic superiors was freed a few weeks later. He proceeded to join the 57th infantry to do military service, but because of delicate health he was discharged.

After a short visit home he returned to his monastery and there immediately began a retreat prior to the solemn profession of his vows. On the feast of the Annunciation he was ordained priest. What the intimate feelings of that soul were, preparing itself for ordination, God alone knows. One can surmise that it was a very fruitful period for him when considering the fact that Dom Placid, during his whole life, was accustomed to puri-

fy his conscience daily, and sometimes morning and evening, in the sacrament of penance. This practice he never gave up; not even in the last years of his life when paralysis confined him to his bed.

As a part of the prayer in which he consumed a great part of the day might be mentioned the preparation he made before celebrating Holy Mass. Regularly before approaching the Holy Table he spent two hours immersed in the contemplation of our Lord. After the Mass another hour was devoted to thanksgiving. Due to the long hours of the day given to adoration of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament he might well be called the sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament. Not satisfied with devoting his days to Jesus he even obtained permission from his superiors to pass a part of each night in His Presence.

During the first ten years of his priestly life Dom Placid held no important offices. As vicerector of the students he was given many occasions to practice meekness and patience. Towards others too he had occasion to be meek. Next to him in the refectory was a certain Dom Feliciano, a Polish monk, who had suffered persecution at the hands of the red government and who suffered from a mania of persecution. He saw everywhere legates of the Cossacks who, not being able to arrest him, sought to poison him. With this mad idea fixed in his mind he sometimes demanded that Dom Placid exchange his portion of food with him, which was charitably done by the monk.

The privations which Dom Placid imposed upon himself together with the malarious climate impaired his health, and in 1881 he contracted a fever which afflicted him for the greater part of the remaining thirty years of his life. Because of this sickness he was sent to the Abbey of St. Peter in Perugia, the capital city of Umbria.

Not long after this he was made chaplain in a Benedictine convent, where his profound and virtue-inspiring sermons produced much fruit. In

Penitence

RENA STOTENBURGH TRAVAIS

Lord forgive, I have beaten my wings
 Forgetting the bars were thy will;
 Be not worth at my fluttering fear,
 Or grieved at the song that is still.
 Lord, be kind, I have broken my heart
 And blackened with terror my soul;
 Be not stern, for today I repent,
 Let me strive again toward the goal.
 Lord forget, I have crouched in the dark,
 And made unto heaven my moan.
 Be not moved to remember my sin,
 I am saying, Thy will not my own.

May, 1914, the little monastic family at Sanfiano was transferred to Forfa, thus forcing Dom Placid to relinquish his work with the Sisters. As his health became worse, the small community at Forfa was placed in the hand of another—a monk of German nationality, whose ways were almost the direct opposite of the easy-going Dom Placid. His rigidly systematic schedule was the cause of much suffering to one with an Italian temperament, yet the burden was borne by Dom Placid most patiently.

The health of the servant of God grew still worse, and on November 17, 1914, he offered the Holy Sacrifice for the last time. Going to pray before the Blessed Sacrament that day Dom Placid was attacked by paralysis accompanied by severe convulsions. Found unconscious by his fellow-religious he was anointed, as his condition seemed to warn of the rapid approach of death. Yet such was not to be the case. He was still to suffer much for the sake of our Lord.

Having been transported again to St. Paul's he was soon the calm and mortified monk of old giving a splendid example to all. On February 10 a new crisis approached. Once more the Last Sacraments were administered in the presence of the whole community that had been so edified by his humility and patience. As a true monk he calmly received the unction and showed no fear whatever for the coming end. Although strictly confined to his bed he received a great consolation from His Holiness Pope Pius X, who permitted High Mass to be celebrated in the sick room once a week. His whole day was passed in prayer. His mortified spirit kept cropping out; he wished to fast as much and even more than his brethren.

Towards March 1 he again grew worse. The present Cardinal Shuster, then a monk of St. Paul's administered the Last Sacraments again. The next morning Holy Mass was celebrated in his room for the last time. There being no cleric present Dom Placid himself clearly and distinctly responded to the prayers of the priest.

Finally dawned the last day of his stay on this earth. By this time he had lost the use of his external senses but still seemed to understand when Father Shuster spoke to him of spiritual things. Towards the evening of March 14 the agony that preceded his passing began, and shortly after ten o'clock the same

night he expired. Father Shuster at his bedside recited a prayer to the Blessed Virgin as his soul peacefully left his body to appear before the Judge.

On the following day St. Paul's happened to be the stational Church. (Each day during Lent one of the Churches of Rome is selected as the "station" Church where special services are held. This custom dates back to the time of Pope Gregory I.) The corpse had been taken into the basilica on March 16 but the funeral itself had to be postponed to the following day. The sacristans were asked to toll the bells as the monks marched reciting the Psalm "Misereere." But as the procession entered the magnificent cloister on that beautiful day, behold! the bells rang out most solemnly. The instructions had been confused and instead of the tolling for the dead, the solemn ringing of the bells for the stational Mass had taken place. The Abbot of the community, on hearing the joyful pealing of the festival bells, smilingly said: "Let them ring; if we do not ring them for the glory of Dom Placid, for whom will we ever ring them?"

From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

Cows were introduced to America by Columbus on his second voyage.

* * *

There are more than 6,000 shapes and sizes of tin cans.

* * *

Milk is the only food used universally by man.

* * *

The hearts of insects sometimes reverse and beat backwards.

* * *

Sunfish have longer brains than backbone.

* * *

A greater variety of fish is to be found in the Nile than in any other river.

* * *

A full grown electric eel can give off electric charges of at least 600 volts. A baby eel can give a stiffer shock than can be obtained from a defective light socket.

* * *

Oilcloth is being used as a substitute for paint to protect frame houses.

* * *

Copper is used for an "ideal" dance floor in a London night club.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

The Taming of the Torrent by the W. P. A. is not the name of a current best-seller. It is merely the statement of a fact. In the name of utility the waters of the mighty Anderson River have received a check. Yes, a dam was constructed across the Anderson just below the pumping station. With this we hope to remedy a few of the inconsistencies of the temperamental Anderson. A few months ago this stream, with a mind all of its own, was just about all over the place. Last summer it had anticipated the technique of the sit-down striker by decreasing from its usual meandering self to a bare trickle. Now it's up to the dam to see that we always have water for the pumps.

March 4. Camp Benedict received some more paternal attention from the tender hands and the stiff backs of a number of the Fathers. The lane received a new coating of crushed rock among other things.

March 6. The bulletin board announced a new board of directors for the Abbey Press. Father Cyril, the chairman, will be assisted by Fathers Anselm and Jerome.

Dr. Mortimer Adler, Ph. D., lectured here this afternoon. His theme, "Theology, the Queen of the Sciences," was ably handled. His tribute to St. Thomas and Scholasticism aroused a great amount of energy behind the dust rags that had hesitated so often over the volumes of the Angelic Doctor. Let's hope the interest perseveres until some new incentive leads again into the depths of St. Thomas. Dr. Adler, professor at the University of Chicago, is not a Catholic. He is, nevertheless, an ardent student of Thomism.

Father Justin rolled in from the Dakotas.

March 8. Let's quote from the Crusade Beacon. (A toast) "To our Very Reverend Rector, and all those concerned, for the prolonged recreation period, night study period, and access to the Abbey library." The revised schedule for the Seminarians, embracing these points, went into effect today.

Some Fathers went to Camp Benedict again today to continue work of rehabilitation. And Father Abbot, with his shovel and wheelbarrow, worked harder than any other Father there. Still the blister and bachache crops were plentiful and abundant.

March 9. A few of the Deacons inspected flood-swept Louisville whither they had gone in search of a photographer with camera insurance. Enough of the Seminary Deacons had their pictures taken here to make it sure that the Frater Deacons would have theirs taken here also.

March 11. What is this, a racket? A few more of the Rev. Deacons burn up the road to Louisville for a visit with the cameraman of their choice.

March 12. Early this morning Fraters Clement and Paschal received their final Minor Orders, those of Exorcist and Acolyte. A bouquet, a spiritual one, to you, Fraters.

Climaxing a few weeks of cramming, two Fathers entered the portals of the Rockport Court House looking for the offices of the County Superintendent of Education. There they spent some six hours answering the questions of an equivalency exam.

March 14. A bruised and battered, but victorious, Seminary basket ball team made its escape from the bedlam of hoarse fans in the College gym after the close of their encounter with the finalists of the College tournament. The score was 32 to 30, if that matters. However, we did get a kick out of hearing the Sem gladiators deplore the softening influence of Seminary life and we were surprised at their vociferous acclaim of the hard-hitting tactics employed by the Collegiate aggregation.

March 16. The eve of March 17. The Sems put on their annual St. Patrick's entertainment with their usual success. Now, don't misunderstand us. One thing we should like to receive information on, however, is whether the name, the Green Hussars, was a sham-rock cast in the direction of the Irish or was it a reflection on the playing abilities of the four who blew into the horns?

March 17. Every mother's son of us who could boast of a fifty-second cousin who was one fourth Irish sported the color of old Erin today.

March 21. Palm Sunday. To a number of first year students Holy Week brought several disappointments. Neither did Father Abbot ride a white donkey into church on Palm Sunday, nor did Brother George make the noises heard at Tenebrae services by rolling down the stairs in a barrel. Since they had been led to look forward to such events, their surprise was more than can be explained.

Taking the Holy Week services, though, as they should be taken, they were not a disappointment to anyone. The singing, both of the Schola and of the chancel choir, was, if anything, above par. The impressive ceremonies at the altar and at the other places in the church went on with clock-like precision. An addition to the regular program of Holy Saturday was the reception of Holy Communion by the monastic community and the whole student body.

Easter, with its good weather, brought a large number of visitors.

March 28. As a post-Lenten relaxation, we were treated to the movie, "Les Miserables."

A number of the Fathers are attending the Educational Convention now taking place in Louisville. A

rather large group of those men, prominent in the field of Catholic education, paid a visit to us here at the Abbey.

Father Prior, too, has returned to our midst. He had been under medical treatment in the hands of the Mayo Brothers.

Just now we are in the throes of a feverish activity, pushed on by our landscape artists. The Fraters did a good job of renovating those spots in front of the church where nothing could be made to grow even if one had the patience of a Job. Now they are working on their own grounds and on the space on the other side of the church. The Junior Fathers, too, have entered into the fray. They have joined tools with the Brother Novices, who have been beautifying the lawn on the east side of the monastery.

April 6. The Most Reverend Bishop Schlarmann, of Peoria, Illinois, celebrated the Pontifical High Mass this morning in honor of St. Benedict, whose feast was transferred from its Lenten environment. The Right Rev. Monsignor Rempe, of Chicago, Illinois, gave us a very eloquent sermon. A number of priests from the outside attended the Mass in the choir stalls.

There's something in the air. Can it be Spring, do you think? Whatever it is, it has certainly brought out an unusually great amount of activity.

Perhaps, it wouldn't be quite fair to blame it all on Spring. There are any number of other things to share the guilt. For instance, the approaching date of Ordinations is by calendar only a short way off. Judging from the manner of some of those to be ordained, I'd say that that happy date is very near. The Seminary basketball floor, so recently pounded by the feet of eager enthusiasts in the sport of Hoosierdom, is now monopolized by an array of impromptu altars erected for the benefit of those who will be ordained priests. Instead of the raucous cheers that not long ago assaulted the walls of the gym, arise the melodious strains, or strained melodies, from the throats of the Deacon class practicing the ceremonies of the Mass. However, captivatingly sung Gospels and even more harmonious Prefaces greet you from the most unexpected places.

Other signs of activity catch the eye. There is the constant click of shovel and spade and rake just outside the Abbey windows, where the grounds are undergoing a thorough treatment in the line of facial uplifts and wrinkle removers with plenty of mud baths thrown in by the occasional rainy afternoons. Everyone: Fathers, Fraters, Brothers, Oblates put a helping hand to any implement which seems to conform most to the size and comfort of the individual. Really it is surprising what a change in scenery a crew of energetic workers can accomplish in one afternoon. Surprising also is the activity demanded of the cooks after such an afternoon during which healthy appetites have received new inspiration.

The Brothers in the garden seem to be looking forward to a continuation of those inspired appetites. One

look at the beds of lettuce, carrots, etc., will convince anyone of that. Forty bushels of onions alone have received space in the capacious fields which serve as garden.

To change the scene but not the subject, go to the chicken house to see what is happening to the twelve hundred little chicks recently acquired. Or go to the dairy barn with its cows and cowlets and, maybe, bullets, if you will pardon a pun that slipped out.

From the classrooms come the hum and buzz of busy students preparing for the classrooms of life. And don't forget to go to the room of the busy professor where you can almost hear the clash of the onslaught on constantly arising problems.

While you are traveling around the place with your ears open to the sounds of a busy monastery, don't forget to shed a tear where stood that faithful old landmark, the old chimney of the powerhouse. Now, since it has been supplanted by its more modern counterpart, it has gone the way of all flesh. All that remains is a pile of stone and bricks and the memory of what used to be.

In the monastic setting of the Abbey crypt on the evening of April 11 at seven o'clock fifty-four members of the Minor Seminary were invested in the scapular of the secular Oblates of St. Benedict. Father Stephen, rector of the Minor Seminary, officiated at the ceremony. He was assisted by Frater Raymond. After the investiture the entire student body of the Minor Seminary participated in the singing of Complin.

April 13 has several headliners in the news of the day. First chronologically, was the rescue of the marooned cat. For some reason known solely to its feline instincts, a cat climbed a tree near the monastic buildings and remained near the top for two days without food or water. In answer to kitty's call for help, Brother Ben Joe incited a squad of rescuers. With a crowd of spectators constantly growing larger from the influx of Fathers, Brothers, and Seminarians, one of the Fraters finally shinned his way up the trunk of the tree. Kitty greeted him with arched back. Immediately the crowd voiced warnings of "rabies" and "mad cat." Well, kitty spun around the tree trunk several times and finally landed on the persistent Frater's shoulders in an affectionate if not too gentle forced landing. Amid cheers and shouts from the interested and interesting onlookers, kitty and her rescuer slid to earth together. Brother Ben Joe took the cause of the excitement and made his way to the doors of the kitchen, out of which a saucer of milk was soon forthcoming.

The other highlight of the evening of April 13 was the play, SEBASTIAN, presented by the Minor Seminary Thespians. The play, written by Father Henry, centered about the dramatic life and martyrdom of St. Sebastian. Powerfully written it was also powerfully portrayed by the large cast of students directed by Father Jerome. Suffice it to say that the utmost breathless interest and attention of the varied audience was sustained for better than two hours.



Mystical Rose

The Rose of Nazareth,
A bud of Jesse's stem,
Whose petals opened first
In ancient Bethlehem.

The Virgin Rose unfolds
Disclosing Him Divine,
The prophecy's fulfilled
Of David's royal line.

Madonna of the Rose,
With arms encircling Him,
Who smiles sweetly at
Adoring Cherubim.

Rose of Egyptian sands
Then Nazareth's again,
Rose of Jerusalem
When He was two and ten.

The Rose Of Cana's feast
When He did not decline
The miracle she asked
And water blushed to wine.

Sweet Rose of Calvary's crest
With petals opened wide,
The Rose of Sorrow then
As she stood by His side.

O lustrous Paschal Rose,
His Resurrection's hour
Triumphantly has struck,
O Mary, radiant Flower.

Again the Holy Ghost
Enhances her with grace,
Rose of the Cenacle,
The fairest of her race.

Assumption's fragrant Rose
In death scarce closed her eyes
When angels came to bear
Their Rose to Paradise.

O Mary, Mystic Rose,
Rose of the Trinity,
Eternal Rose of God
The sole Divinity!

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

Query Corner

In speaking of the sacraments and sacramentals what is the difference between the terms "ex opere operato" and "ex opere operantis"?

The term "ex opere operantis" (from the work of the worker) is used to describe the effect produced by prayers and good works which depends upon the disposition of the one who performs the good work, whereas the term "ex opere operato" (from the work wrought) describes the primary effect produced by the sacraments, which, by the institution of Christ, have the power in themselves to produce and confer grace, although the actual receiving of this grace may be obstructed by the dispositions of the recipient of the sacrament.

I have heard that the Mardi Gras celebration which takes place in New Orleans each spring originated as a Catholic custom. Is there really any connection between this celebration and Catholic practice?

The Mardi Gras celebration is indeed Catholic in its origin, even though it is not always Catholic in its spirit. Mardi Gras, which literally means "Fat Tuesday," is the day before Ash Wednesday and is the French equivalent of the English Shrove Tuesday. For centuries the few days preceding Lent, especially the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, have been observed as a time of celebration and merry-making. In Italy and France these days are called the Carnival, which means "farewell to meat"; in England they are known as Shrove-tide, the time preceding the season of penance and of shiving from sin through the Sacrament of Penance. Mardi Gras or Shrove Tuesday is the final day, the climax of this celebration. These celebrations can be called Catholic in origin only in so far as they were occasioned by the Catholic practice of keeping Lent as a season of self-denial, not in the sense that they were directly instituted by the Church; for while the Church may approve of innocent festivities during the days preceding Lent, she always condemns the abuses and excesses of these celebrations. In fact, the present Forty Hours Devotion to the Blessed Sacra-

ment originated as a work of atonement for the excesses committed during the time of the Carnival. In many European countries the Forty Hours Devotion is conducted annually during the time of the Carnival, the last few days preceding Ash Wednesday.

Why should the name of a saint be given to a child at Baptism? Is it necessary that both names which a child receives be saints' names?

Baptism means spiritual rebirth as a child of God. Just as the child receives the father's family name at its natural birth, it is fitting that the child receive the name of one of God's own family, one of the saints, at its spiritual rebirth as a child of God in the Sacrament of Baptism. The saint whose name is given to the child becomes thereby the child's patron and protector and a model of Christian life. It is the wish of the Church that only Christian names be given at Baptism. The law of the Church enjoins pastors to see that those who are to be baptized be given Christian names; if he cannot persuade the parents of the child to be baptized to give a Christian name, the priest himself should add a Christian name to that given by the parents, which name must be used in the ceremonies of Baptism and be noted in the Baptismal Register.

When reciting the Rosary is it necessary to say the prayers with the lips, or is it sufficient to think about them or about the mysteries of the Rosary?

Since the Rosary is a vocal prayer, the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father* should be recited, which implies some movement of the lips, although the sound need not be in the least audible. While reciting the prescribed prayers, one should also meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, that is, those events in the life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother which are designated as the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries. In order to say the Rosary properly, vocal prayer alone or mental prayer alone are not sufficient; both are necessary, for the Rosary is both a vocal and a mental prayer.

Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

True Devotion to Mary

ONE WAY in which to honor Mary in this month of May is to say her Rosary every day; this will please her greatly, because it always makes her happy to hear over and over the angelic salutation, by which the greatest joy of her life was announced to her. But another way, and perhaps the best one of all, is to consecrate ourselves to her, and imitate her virtues. Blessed de Montfort recommends that pious souls give themselves wholly over to Mary as her servants and slaves, doing only what they know would please her, giving up everything which would displease her. This is not difficult to do; it is easy to know what Mary would ap-

prove and what not. Before performing any action, stop to consider—"Would this action I am about to perform please Our Lady? Suppose she were standing before me: Would I still perform it, before her very eyes?" The answer would come to us very quickly.

This is what it means to become Mary's slave; to consecrate ourselves to her, and promise to do ONLY what we know, with our common sense, she would approve of; to absolutely give up everything we know she would disapprove of. We all have certain secret affections for sin; certain things we love too much to give up; certain things which it would hurt our pride too much to do, but which we know, ought to be done; certain things which our wayward natures want to do,

but should not. Using Mary's approval or disapproval as our yardstick, as it were, we might begin, on the first day of May, early in the morning, to recollect ourselves, watching each action closely, and before the performance of each, ask ourselves: "Would Mary approve?" If the answer is "yes," go ahead and do it, after dedicating it to Mary. If the answer is "no," refuse to do it, no matter what it may cost us.

We might even go farther in our love and devotion, and *promise*, during the month of May, to follow this serfdom of Mary. The soul who tries this devotion for one month, will most probably find so much profit in it, that he will want to continue it from month to month.

A Proper Home-Life

HUSBAND and wife, said a missionary the other day, are priests, and the home is their temple; in this temple little, new-born souls from Heaven are reared; therefore, home should be a holy place—as holy as a temple. What we would not say in the House of God, we should not say in the home; home should be a serene, sacred place, a place of refreshment, calm and peace. As we behave toward each other in the House of God, so ought we to behave toward each other in the home—the temple of little children.

How much depends upon the proper home atmosphere and environment, no one can realize so well as one who has never had a good home; what effect a broken home, or a home full of strife and unhappiness, has upon individuals reared there, may be answered by the criminals in our jails. Mothers and fathers who so far forget themselves as to berate each other in the presence of the children, perhaps do not know or realize what a grave fault they are committing; if they did, they surely would talk over their difficulties alone, when the children are not around, and would do it calmly, so as not to scandalize them.

Alas, for little children who love their parents dearly; what cruel pain it must cost them to see these precious ones bickering and quarrelling! It engenders a fear in the hearts of the little ones—a feeling of instability, of anxiety over what may happen. And oh, God help those poor little souls in whose homes there is violence, and where parents openly make scenes, and even teach the children to take sides!

Children should have no part or parcel in their parents' differences; these should be scrupulously hidden from them, and neither father nor mother should ever influence a child on his or her side. For the sake of these immortal souls, parents should suppress their petty bickerings, and make of their homes a place where God loves to dwell.

Choosing Hardy Flowers

BY THIS TIME, most garden lovers have their seeds in the ground, and if the weather has been mild, the plants will be an inch or two above the earth. But it is still not too late to plant some, if the garden has been neglected until now; sometimes, if the season is backward, those planted later will catch up to those sowed

earlier, so there is no reason to be without flowers if one really loves them, and is willing to go to a little trouble in preparing the garden.

We all like types that are easy to raise, especially if we have not a great deal of time to give to flower-raising, and there are some very good strains which are hardy, brilliant in color, and bloom all summer long. First of all, there are the petunias—not the old hit-and-miss variety of mixed colors, none of which were very striking, but the new strains which have been evolved by seed growers. One of these, the *Rosy Morn*, a bright pink with a white throat, was born a few summers ago, and is still a great favorite. *Purple Prince* is a lovely dark purple, velvety petunia—not a purplish red, but a real royal purple, which many like for porch boxes and vases. There is the *Flaming Velvet*, a really red petunia, which comes from Holland. Plant breeders have worked long and patiently for a truly red petunia, and this strain is a deep blood-red, with scarlet tints. Then there is the newest petunia—the *Dainty Lady* a yellow variety, the first time the petunia has ever appeared in this color.

And let us not forget the zinnia, which from a humble, rather rough-looking flower, has been bred into huge, dahlia-like blooms of marvelous coloring—white, yellow, brilliant scarlet, cerise red, pink. When purchasing the large kind, ask for *Giant Zinnias*. Then there are the ever-lovely snapdragons, which may be obtained in the whole range of colors, from white, yellow, and pink, to purple, dark, blackish red, and bronze. *Marigolds* and *Lady Slippers* are also hardy bloomers that add their brilliance to the riot of a summer garden.

Caring for the Canary

WHAT a joy are these small bits of yellow fluff, singing their hearts out from morn till night, a wondrous piece of handiwork by our loving Creator, made only for man's pleasure! But to keep a canary healthy and singing, one must follow a routine methodically, and have some knowledge of their food needs. One successful bird-owner daily spreads a few sheets of newspaper on the kitchen table, then sets the bathing dish with half an inch or so of water in the center of the table. If it is not a bright morning, the light is turned on, and the bird thinks the sun is shining, which seems to be a greater inducement to bathing. Next, the seed and water cups are removed, and the bottom unhooked.

The cage is then placed over the bathing dish, and usually the bird wastes no time in getting in. It is left there for about ten minutes, during which the perches are removed, scraped and washed, the seed and water cups cleaned and refilled, and the newspaper on the floor of the cage rolled up and discarded. A new piece of paper is laid on it, and bird gravel or sand sprinkled over; the cups are brought over and slipped in, as also the perches; the cage floor is laid on the table ready to slip under the wire as soon as the bird has been induced to fly upon a perch, then hooked securely.

It is now ready to hang up again, with a piece of lettuce or apple inserted between the bars. If there

is a sunny window, this is a good place to hang the canary after his bath, where he may dry and preen his feathers. It is well to purchase a good brand of seed sealed in a clean container rather than the bulk kind, which may be dusty, and ill-balanced as to kinds and quantities of seed. Canaries are very fond of seeding grasses, as also sweet apple, water cress, carrot, tender dandelion leaves, chickweed, etc. A piece of cuttle-bone should always be kept in the cage. If a canary is reluctant to bathe, perform the bathing operation every day and leave the dish under for ten minutes, and little by little the bird will be induced to get into the water.

Benedictine Missions

AN URGENT need at St. Michael's Mission is an assembly hall for the Indians, where they might meet and have pow-wows and social recreation. In olden times they had their campfire meetings, and the instinct to congregate periodically is still a strong tribal habit with them. Eleven Indians died recently after a party at one of their homes, in which radiator alcohol solution was used as a beverage. The missionary feels that if they had a hall in which they might meet socially under his supervision, many such evils would be averted. It would be in daily use, not only for the older Indians, but for the children as well. A tremendous saving could be effected in building while the P. W. A. is still in force; if the Mission furnishes the material, the P. W. A. will furnish the labor. It would be a great loss not to be able to take advantage of this offer, but without funds, the Mission cannot purchase the material.

So we make an appeal to our readers, now that times seem to be getting better, to send whatever they are able to Father Edward for the purchase of building materials for this much-needed hall. Even a small donation will be gratefully received, and if anyone wishes to make a large one in memory of some dear departed, (or build the entire hall as a memorial) that will, of course, be cause for great rejoicing. But we expect mostly to make up the necessary amount by many small donations, and, as tin and silver foil are again bringing good prices, send all you have to Clare Hampton, 5610 Walsh St., St. Louis, Mo., and it will be sold for this purpose. Also cancelled stamps.

Also, Father Edward is making a call for the small religious pamphlets found in the book-racks at the entrance of all churches. If you have any at home which you no longer use, send them on to Father Edward Berheide, O. S. B., St. Michael, N. Dak. He needs a great many of them to distribute to the Indians and to non-Catholics living close to the Missions, who can be either a help or a hindrance to the work among

the Indians, according as they view the Catholic Church. If you haven't any at home, buy one or two or several at your church rack, and send them to Father Edward. You will thus be doing a great missionary work. He would like particularly to have "The Question Box," "I Believe," "Marriage," "The New Testament," the "Complete Bible," and any other books on the Catholic Faith.

We hope to hear from Father Edward that he received many such pamphlets from our readers—he would like to buy them, but of course, hasn't the money—and any Catholic magazines and newspapers that are no longer used. Also, don't forget the silver and tinfoil.

Household Hints

WHEN separating egg yolks and whites, break the egg over a funnel; the yolk will remain in the funnel and the white run through.

A small box of crushed charcoal placed in the refrigerator will completely absorb all odors. It must be left uncovered.

After peeling onions, rub the fingers with lemon and then wash, and all onion odor will disappear.

A fibre board garment cabinet, such as is sold in the department stores may be made into a cedar closet very easily by painting the inside with cedar oil and allowing it to dry for a couple of days before putting in the clothing. If it must stand in a room, give the outside a coat or two of dark oak varnish; if there is printing on the doors (as there is on some of them), cut out a pretty spray of flowers from

wall paper for each door, paste on and varnish over with clear varnish.

Recipes

SOME IDEAS FOR FRIDAY: Pare and core apples and cut into thick slices; dip into beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar and then roll in fine breadcrumbs and fry a golden brown. Sift powder sugar over them when done.

Fill patty shells with creamed cottage cheese, in which have been mixed chopped green pepper, pimento, sweet pickle and pecan nut meats. Place a narrow strip of green pepper and pimento in the form of a cross on top of each.

Make slices of toast from white bread, and with a large baking powder can, or other cutter, cut them round. Butter them, then place on each a lettuce leaf and on top of this, a shrimp or two, according to size. In the center, place a spoonful of mayonnaise or sweet relish. Top with another slice.

Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother

Scene: Pat McDermott's backyard.

Characters: A number of neighbor boys listening to Pat telling a story

Pat: And don't you know those Indians tried to set fire to that village, but the Pilgrims were too quick for them; they frightened them away!

Boys: Hurrah! Hurrah! Tell us another, Pat. (Just now a woman calls, "Louis! Louis!")

Joe: Louis, your mother is calling you. Why don't you answer?

Louis: I'm not going to answer. Mother always wants me when I'm having fun. (Mother calls him again.)

Louis: (Putting his hands to his mouth and answering angrily) I'm coming! Can't you let me alone when I'm having fun?

Steve: Louis, aren't you ashamed to talk to your mother like that?

Louis: No, I'm not. She's always wanting me to work.

Pat: But just think how good your mother is to you.

Michael: Have you forgotten how she took care of you when you were sick this winter?

Steve: Look at the nice clothes and the good food your mother and daddy give you; you should obey and love them, too.

Louis: Yes, but my dad wouldn't buy me a rifle, and I wanted one awfully bad.

Pat: Say, fellows, Louis must have been asleep last week when Father John told us how an obedient child pleases God, and how much God loves a boy or girl who obeys his parents quickly and cheerfully.

Steve: And didn't it make you want to be better when Father told us how the little Jesus showed His love for Mary and Joseph by cheerfully obeying their commands.

Mike: Sure, and Father said too, "That God wishes us to make our home a happy one." You can't do that, Louis, if you are ugly to your mother and dad.

Pat: God always rewards children for remembering to honor their fathers and mothers.

Steve: Louis, don't speak unkindly to your parents anymore. It hurts them and God is not pleased.

(Louis's mother calls again.)

Louis: (Sweetly) Coming mother. Goodbye, boys, and thanks a million for reminding me to "Honor my father and my mother."

May

THE church has set aside May as one of the months of the year in which we may show special honor and love for Mary. During this beautiful month we bring flowers to her altar, and we offer her our hearts and our love in prayer and song.

The Blessed Virgin is a good and kind Mother. She loves us so much that she is willing to

A May Hymn

SR. M. AGNES FINLEY, O. P.

Come children, come hover around your dear Mother
And long let your voices her praises proclaim;
From young hearts unclouded, in innocence shrouded
O, hasten to honor her noble fair name!

For 'twas her surrender brought Jesus so tender
He saved us, He died for us, Heaven to win.
She'll plead for us ever, She'll leave us? O, never!
She'll help when the tempter would draw us to sin.

Our Mother, our nearest, best friend and the dearest
We'll lean on her aid, for did Jesus not say,
"That all virtues fairest and all graces rarest
Must pass through the hands of our dear Queen of May."

help us in every way. She wishes us to visit her altar in church and to honor her in our homes. She will lead us to Jesus. All the saints had a great love for Mary. She helped them become saints and she will help us, too.

If we are true children of this holy Mother we will do something in her honor every day. We will imitate her virtues. Especially will we follow her in her purity and never let anything unclean soil our souls.

May days will be special days for Mary in our lives, but we will love her and imitate her every day of our life. We will offer ourselves, body and soul, to our Blessed Mother in heaven, and one day she will bring us to live with her divine Son Jesus.

Mother's Day

THE PRESIDENT of the United States has made the second Sunday in May a holiday in honor of all mothers. This year Mother's Day falls on May 9. We should honor, love and obey mother every day, but on this day we do something special to show her how much we love her. The best thing we can do for mother is pray for her and be thoughtful of her. Let's show mother we really love her.

Another Story

"MOTHER, here we are all ready to hear the rest of the story about Jesus," chirped Billy and Peggy.

"Yes, dears. I wonder which of you can tell me why Jesus rose from the dead."

"I know, mother," Billy cried eagerly. "Before Jesus died He said, 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will rebuild it.' He really meant destroy this body and in three days I will rise from the dead."

"Right," encouraged mother.

Billy continued, "If Jesus had not kept His word, we might begin to doubt whether or not He was really God. When on Easter morn-

ing He rose glorified and splendid from the tomb Jesus proved that He is really the Son of God."

"Yes, that is what makes us feel so certain about our Catholic faith," said mother.

"Did anyone ever see Jesus after the Resurrection?" inquired Peggy.

"Yes, Jesus appeared many times during the forty days before His Ascension into heaven. We know He was seen not only by the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, but also by His disciples and friends. Jesus at one time strengthened the proof of His Resurrection by taking food with His Apostles. At another time Jesus permitted the Apostle Thomas to lay his hand into the Sacred Wounds. The Apostles were slow to believe that Jesus had risen from the dead, but this was a good thing for us, because in this way, the Resurrection of Jesus became altogether certain," explained mother.

"Why did Jesus wait so long before He went back to His home in heaven?" asked Billy.

"I know for certain that I would not have waited that long," decided Peggy.

"Jesus remained on earth long enough to found His church. He called it His Kingdom on earth. This church is the Catholic Church. It teaches all the truths that Jesus taught. Perhaps you would like to know how Jesus commanded the Apostles to teach these holy truths," suggested mother.

"Oh, yes, do tell us," exclaimed Peggy.

"Well," began mother. "Jesus said, 'All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he who believes not shall be condemned. Behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world.'"

"Then no matter what happens, mother, nothing can hurt the church," queried Billy.

"Nothing, child. At times she has had to face dark hours and has had to suffer much, but she has always been the victor. Today the church is suffering in such countries as Mexico, Spain, and Russia. Bishops, priests, men and women endure pain and death for the beautiful truths of our faith. Even young children have given their lives for Christ."

"Do you think I could do what those children have done, mother?" asked Peggy.

Next month the "Children's Corner" will give way to a page of correspondence between parents and their adolescent children. You are invited to write to the editor about any problems you have with your children, or young men and women, with your elders. A prudent and fatherly writer will help you to see the brighter side of life.

"Yes, Peggy, with God's help we can do anything," replied mother. You must ask God everyday to help you be true to Him."

Then mother continued, "Churches are burned and destroyed. Yet all the hate and malice of wicked men cannot destroy the church of Christ."

"Suppose all the buildings were burned, mother, would we still have a church?" asked Billy.

"Yes, Billy. Buildings do not make the church. It is a kingdom of souls. It is the Pope, bishops, priests, and people who believe in the truths Jesus taught that make up the church of Christ."

"Christ has given a special work to every soul that He has placed in His kingdom. In His wisdom He has provided for every need. He calls young men to help in saving souls. He gives them special graces in the priestly state. This calling is the greatest privilege God gives after Baptism."

"How does Jesus call young men, mother?" asked Billy.

"Jesus uses different ways of calling souls to serve Him, Billy. Sometimes He places a yearning for the priesthood in the heart of a young man. The moment He chooses anyone for His service, He pours into that soul a great increase of grace. If the young man is true to the call of Christ this grace will give him the power to be as courageous and strong as a chosen one should be. A little boy like you can ask Jesus to help him find this right work in His Kingdom. He may even ask Jesus to choose him as one of His anointed ones."

"I wish I could be a chosen one of Christ," sighed Peggy, "but only boys can be priests."

Christ also calls little girls to help Him save the souls of others," answered mother. Little girls cannot be priests, but they can love and serve Christ as religious sisters or nuns. This is a very holy state, and one on which Christ showers His special graces."

"Not all boys and girls can be priests and sisters. Christ has another very special work to be done in His Kingdom on earth. Someone must care for the little ones He sends into this world, so He has planned the married state. In this state a man and woman bind themselves together and promise God to bring up their children in such a way that His image and like-

ness in their souls will become more beautiful. So you see everyone has an important place in the plan of God. We honor God most by serving Him in the place He has chosen for us."

"It must have been hard work for the Apostles after Jesus went up to heaven," rejoined Billy.

"Yes, Billy. It was hard work," replied mother. Even before His death Jesus had promised to send the Holy Ghost to guide the Apostles, and just before His Ascension Jesus repeated this promise. After He had gone up to heaven the Apostles went back to Jerusalem to pray together until the Holy Ghost should come."

"How long did they pray?" asked Peggy.

"Nine days," answered mother. "On the tenth day the Holy Ghost came. Right away Peter went out and preached to the people about Jesus and His church. Of those who listened about three thousand were baptized."

"Oh, I remember," cried Billy. "That day is Pentecost Sunday, and sometimes it is called the Birthday of the church."

"Yes," said mother, "And we will be celebrating that feast soon."

Just then a horn tooted in the drive, and the two children ran to meet their daddy.

Books Received

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—Dom Eugene Vandeur. Translated by Clara Morris Rumball.

A translation from the French, the book is made up of seventy-four meditations on the various parts of the Mass. The three main divisions of the book—contrition of the soul, illumination of the spirit, and union of the will—represent the necessary steps to perfect sanctity, while the specific purpose of the work is to give each phase of the Mass a more profound meaning.

Though especially recommended to priests, the book is equally suited for use by laymen. For those already initiated by the Liturgical Movement into the art of praying the Mass, it will serve to add a deeper ascetical value to the prayers of the Holy Sacrifice. In its entirety it is designed to fill each one with a more lively Catholicism, which will enable him to have, by drawing nearer to Jesus, a firmer sanctity in the midst of life's daily temptations.

Christ and Littleness—Rev. James F. Cassidy, B. A.

Human nature desires itself to be exalted; to make oneself little is an arduous task. Christ taught man the necessity of this virtue of humility by word and example. The Gospels explicitly narrate this fact together with many other incidents in His life. When reading these monumental works of the Evangelists, a person often fails to grasp the specific virtue practiced by Christ in each incident presented. Yet to respond to the invitation of Christ to come and follow Him it is required of us to know His mode of practicing each virtue.

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